

# A Famous BATTLE Fought between Sir Lancelot du Lake, A N D The Famous Giant Tarquin.

WITHIN this Ancient British Land,  
In Lancashire we understand;  
Near Manchester there liv'd a Man of Fame,  
Of a prodigious Strength and Might,  
Who had vanquish'd many a worthy Knight,  
A Giant great, and Tarquin call'd by Name.

In those Days sprung up a Perious Gem,  
Who wore the Golden Diadem,  
King Arthur was our lawful British King.  
The Honour of all Christendom,  
Twelve bloody Battles fierce he's won.  
His Name and Fame throughout the World doth ring.

He had one valiant Knight amongst the rest,  
Whose noble Acts we had exprest,  
His Name recorded is Sir Lancelot du Lake.  
A mighty Giant he pull'd down.  
Who liv'd near Shrewsbury fair Town.  
With his keen Sword away his Life did take.

When Fortune thus on him did smile,  
When he had rested him awhile,  
To sport and play within his Prince's Court.  
Till of these Tidings he did hear,  
Which came from famous Lancashire,  
He thither rode to see some Princely Sport.

From Winchester he's gone with Speed,  
Well mounted on a prancing Steed,  
Until at length he to the Hancourts came.

Where he good Entertainment found,  
At the honoured Moseley's of Renown.  
Who lived then in great Repute and Fame.

Then did he range the Forest wild,  
Frequented by no Man nor Child.  
Where goodly Trees had lain since Noah's Flood,  
Firr Wood and Oak for to be found;  
Within the Deluge there lay drown'd,  
And there lay bury'd in the trembling Mud.

Then did he range the Forest wide,  
Until a Virgin fair he spy'd,  
Who ask'd his Busines, and requir'd his Name;  
My Name is Lancelot du Lake,  
Who ventures for my Country's sake.  
Indeed, kind Sir, all Courtiers spread your Fame:

And I will bring you to a Knight,  
Of a prodigious Strength and Might.  
Who hath imprison'd threescore Knights and four.  
Knights of King Arthur's Table Round,  
In Chains and Fetters he keeps bound;  
Such Cruelty I never heard before.

Then did this trusty Female Guide  
Conduct him to a River Side,  
Near the Knot Mills, near Manchester fair Town.  
Then she show'd him the Castle Gate,  
Where Tarquin oft took up his Seat,  
In the Lodge Fields, near Manchester fair Town.

Then she show'd him unto a Tree.  
Where he rode up most valiently.  
Wherethere did hang a Copper Bason fair.  
Within the Bason these Words were writ,  
He that values not his Life nor Wit,  
Let him adventure, strike, and if be dare.

These Words did Lancelot so provoke,  
He struck so hard, the Bason broke.  
Immediately, when Tarquin heard the Sound,  
A Horse he drove before him strait;  
Whereon a Knight both sick and weak,  
In Chaina, and Corda, and Fetters he kept bound.

Villain, said Lancelot, worst of Men,  
Thou hast brought this Object to thy Den  
This poor distressed Knight, weak and unable.  
I'll make thee know, before we part,  
And likewise give thee thy Desart.  
For wronging thus the Knights of the Round Table.

These Words from deeper Bass did sound,  
If thou be of the Table Round,  
Says Tarquin unto him most speedily.  
And hither come in Rage and Spite,  
In single Combat me to fight.  
Both them and thee I utterly defy.

That's very well, Sir Lancelot cry'd,  
I'll quickly tame thy haughty Pride.  
Couching their Spears, run at each other then,  
With ghastly Looks most furiously,  
Their Manhood they resolve to try,  
More like two savage Beasts, than Sons of Men.

They fairly at each other ran,  
Regarding neither Horse nor Man,  
Till both their Horses Backs were broke asunder.  
Then fell they to their Swords amain,  
The one or both for to be slain,  
Laying about them like two Sons of Thunder.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,  
Each raging in their Crimson Gore.  
Till willingly they both for Breath did stand.

When Life and Breath were almost spent,  
Tarquin began for to relent,  
And said, good Knight, I prithee hold thy Hand,

And tell to me what Knight thou art,  
For thou'rt a Knight of great Desart.  
And, like a Knight, I hate most mortally.  
I'll freely give thee thy Request,  
Likewise deliver all the rest,  
Upon Condition that thou be not he.

That's very well, Sir Lancelot cry'd;  
Thy Proffers cannot be deny'd.  
Then unto me his Name I prithee tell,  
His Name is Lancelot du Lake,  
Thoughts of him make my Heart to ake.  
He slew my Brother, whom I lov'd so well.

I wish I had that Villain here,  
For him I'd make him pay full dear.  
Thy Wish thou hast. I'm Lancelot du Lake,  
That slew thy Brother valiently,  
Near to the Town of Shrewsbury,  
Oh! then says Tarquin, my Life's at the Stake.

Then fell they to't with downright Blows,  
But who gets Victory no one knows.  
Like Furies they did fight with Might and Main,  
The Echoes of their Blows resound.  
And with their Blood the Earth was drown'd.  
Resolving one or other for to be slain.

But Tarquin he for Want of Breath,  
And Loss of Blood, yielded to Death.  
His Breath resign'd upon that fatal Day.  
Then taking h' Keys o'th' Door,  
From Prison Threescore Knights and Four,  
With many Hearts, with him he brought away.

Thus have I for my Country's sake,  
Adventured these Pains to take.  
Hoping they will my Labour gratify:  
For bringing ancient Things to Light,  
Within this Place I do recite,  
Hoping they may some Profit find thereby.